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THE  
BATTLE  
OF  
AUGHRIM:  
Or, The FALL of  
Monsieur St. RUTH.  
A  
TRAGEDY.

---

By ROBERT ASHTON.

---

To which is prefixed,  
An Extract from the History of Ireland.  
Not in any former Edition.

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*Since Heaven that did our Nature first create,  
Has since ordain'd all Men must bend to Fate;  
So is it also by our Stars decreed,  
The Hero by the Force of War shall bleed.*

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TO HIS EXCELLENCY.

J O H N, Lord Carteret,

Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of IRELAND.

*May it please your Excellency,*

IT is not without paying the greatest Respect due to your great Birth and Quality, that I presume to lay this *Tragedy*, the first Fruits of my Labour, at your Lordship's Feet, and at the same Time beg your noble Protection, to a Work so meanly performed. This memorable Battle, on which the Fate of IRELAND then depended, was fought on SUNDAY, JULY the 12th, 1691. The Effects of which, was the entire Subversion of Popery and arbitrary Power; and, surely, an Action which acquired so much Glory to the English Nation ought not to be forgot, when

Matters of far less Moment are daily adapted to the Stage. This, my Lord, and your Lordship's shining Character, emboldened me to undertake this Play, wherein the Honour of several of your Lordship's Countrymen are very nearly concerned: That your Excellency may therefore, with your illustrious Consort and shining Off-spring, be the lasting Glories of Posterity, and shine in the remotest Annals of the Earth, to be a peculiar Patron to succeeding Ages, shall be the Prayers of, my Lord, your Excellency's

Most Obedient,

Humble,

and Devoted,

Faithful Servant,

ROBERT ASHTON.



EXTRACT from the History of IRELAND,  
relative to the memorable Battle which was  
the occasion of this TRAGEDY.

**S**T. RUTH thinking himself secure, and believing the besiegers to have entirely relinquished the design, sent three of his worst regiments during that very night the council of war had been held, to relieve the over fatigued garrison. (*Speaking of Athlone.*)

But this being the case, when all things were secretly prepared for the assault, a body of two thousand men was ordered to attempt the passage of the river, whilst others mounting the walls opposite to the enemy, were prepared to cover the design by keeping an incessant fire upon them. Then the English with a great shout suddenly entered the river, and after a smart dispute, made their passage good, attacked the town in several parts, and cut off the communication with St. Ruth's army, which the Irish perceiving, abandoned the place, shifting as well as possible for their safety, while those from whom they expected relief were marching too slowly to their assistance, and seeing the guns of the town now preparing to be turned against them, speedily retreated, and breaking up their camp, withdrew in great haste to Aughrim.

Ginckle had received authority from William to publish a pardon for all such of the Irish as chose to take the benefit of it ; but, for reasons  
best

best known by himself, the Dutchman had delayed till now to propose it. As soon as it was known, numbers who were dispirited by the late misfortune, took the advantage of it, and this circumstance as well as the reproaches of those who remained, determined St. Ruth to alter his plan of a defensive war, and set the fate of Ireland upon the issue of a battle while he had yet the means left him of assembling an army wherewith to make one general effort.

To this purpose he drew together the garrisons he had stationed in the neighbouring towns, to the number of about twenty-five thousand men, with whom he had resolved to face the enemy. He had encamped this army on a height in a line which had extended two miles; half a mile from the front below was a bog with two passages, one of which led to the right, the other to the left of his camp. The passage on the left opened into a corn-field, in which, however, only four battalions could form a front. Farther on were difficult grounds, and the ruins of the castle of Aughrim, where cannon were placed. The passage to the right opened upon ground that was wider but yet afforded not room for an army. The space between these two passages was filled with hedges and ditches which were lined with troops, and the remainder of the army was ranged upon the heights before the camp.

Ginckle having spent a week in refreshing his troops at Athlone, followed with the English army to Aughrim, from whence his approach being discerned even whilst at a great distance, St. Ruth took all precaution to form his troops, in order to prepare them for his reception. He himself



himself made a speech to animate them; the priests ran through all the ranks, causing the men to swear upon the sacrament that they would not desert their colours, and using every argument to inspire them with courage, that the love of their religion, or regard for their own honour and that of their country could dictate.

This was indeed a most remarkable situation; for now once more was the fate of Ireland brought to a crisis.—Now was the fate of William and of James in that country to be determined, as well as that of the Protestant and the Catholic interest. The eyes of all were upon this great event, and both parties prepared themselves accordingly.

The English army in two divisions marched to the right and left of the bog, bending towards each other with a design of flanking the enemy, and joining on the rising ground, while St. Ruth who stood upon the heights suffered them to pass the bog without interruption, intending to attack the two bodies separately, before they should be in a condition to assist each other. For this purpose, when he found the left wing of the English had advanced into the open ground, he dispatched most of his cavalry in order to strengthen his right.—~ On this general Mackay advised Ginkle to draw off part of his right wing to the left, and in the interim sounding the bog, and finding it not impassable, he ordered part of his troops to pass through it to the corn field on the left, and there to keep their station without pressing upon the enemy, till he should be ready to flank them. And at the same time general Talmash marched before, in order to attack the castle of Aughrim. But these

these troops which Mackay had ordered to remain inactive forgot the injunction, and advanced towards the line of hedges, where they were received by the Irish with a brisk fire. The latter, however, at length retired in order to draw their enemies on, and the stratagem succeeded ; for the English eagerly pursued, till by means of the communication the Irish had made between the hedges, they found themselves surrounded, and fired upon at once in their front, flanks, and rear, while their general, who had not yet overcome the difficulties of the broken grounds, could not give them any assistance. This false step was likewise to have occasioned an entire defeat of that wing ; for the soldiers, thus embarrassed, were obliged to give way on all sides ; some retiring with precipitation to the corn field, whilst others even fled back through the bog.—This was a very disagreeable spectacle to the English generals, who as soon as they could disencumber themselves, \* bent all their force to that quarter, where their friends were distressed, while St. Ruth viewing from his heights the embarrassment of the enemy threw his hat up three times into the air and shouted for joy, giving those about him the assurances of what he thought a certain victory.

But the consideration of the shame, and still more of the danger of a defeat, worked upon the English, that having surmounted the first difficulty, they not only kept their ground, but after a smart struggle advanced upon the enemy. The wary St. Ruth now finding the scene was about to change, and observing the two divisions of the enemy to the right and left gathering upon the rising grounds, resolved with all speed to

\* Geoghegan.

to prevent the junction.——Preparing therefore himself to descend with a strong body of horse from the heights, where he had hitherto remained, “Now,” said he, “will I drive the English to the very gates of Dublin.”

He had resolved to fall upon the enemy in a dangerous hollow way, through which they were obliged to pass; but in his way he was slain by a cannon-ball, which so disheartened his soldiers that they first halted and afterwards fled; nor could Sarsfield, who was second in command, when they were rallied give any succour to the army, since having been at enmity with St. Ruth, he knew nothing of that general's plans or dispositions. The whole Irish army was now divided into three bodies, neither of which knew what plan they were to act upon, while the two divisions of Gingle's army, conducted by their generals, who still kept that uniform disposition with which they had at first set out, and which alone could procure them victory, of verging towards each other, found themselves every moment nearer attaining their end, and the body of English appointed to pass the hollow way having compassed their design, began to attack their enemies in flank, who were totally unable to prevent them; which perceiving, after a struggle that was vain, they fled with precipitation, and abandoned the field to the English who gained a complete victory, which however they sullied by their cruelty in granting no quarter to the vanquished, who lost about seven thousand men in the action and pursuit, together with their tents, baggage, and military stores, which fell into the hands of the enemy, whose loss amounted

## x HISTORY of IRELAND.

mounted to little more than seven hundred slain in battle.

It is highly probable that the English owed this victory to the death of the French general, who though he was but ill beloved by the Irish, and had lost them Athlone, was yet a good general, as James well knew, when he sent him to take the command. Nor would even the loss of him have been attended with such fatal consequences to the Irish, if the disputes between him and Sarsfield had not prevented the latter from being acquainted with the dispositions of the former. After all, it must be allowed that the Irish made a most gallant resistance as long as there was any probability of success, and therefore deserved to be treated as a valiant enemy.

Limerick being the only place of any considerable strength remaining in the hands of the Irish, thither the fugitives retreated, and thither Ginkle prepared to follow them, taking all the places which lay in the way, and Galway among the rest, the garrison of which town were permitted, by the articles of capitulation, to retire to Limerick, where in all likelihood they were of more disservice than use to their countrymen that were cooped up within the limits of that place.

TO



T O  
Mr. ROBERT ASHTON,

*On his Play of the Battle of AUGHHRIM.*

WHEN Youth appears so soon in quest of Fame,  
And as a Sportsman bravely meets his Aim,  
The Herd of Criticks for a Share contend,  
And find such Faults they know not how to mend ;  
Whilst as an Eagle soaring in the Sky,  
You dare their Spleen, and all their Rage defy.  
For, Sir, with greatest Pleasure I survey  
*Athens* eclips'd by this your tragick Play ;  
The Plot so noble, and in every Line  
Both Wit and Eloquence peculiar shine.  
Here we may view how, in a crimson Field,  
*Britain's* dread Sons taught *France* and *Teague* to yield,  
Withstood their Fury in *Hibernia's* Cause,  
Then surely such a Theme deserves Applause ;  
For sure you are alone, Fame justly says,  
The first *Hibernian* Bard who merits Bays :  
Then *Ashton* never fear, the Chace pursue,  
Court her, she flies from us, but yields to you ;  
Embrace the Task, and in the End you'll find  
That Honour waits to crown a studious Mind.  
The amorous Lark, who first receives its Breath  
Within some verdant Turff low on the Earth,  
Assuming Strength, her wanton Breast she heaves,  
And from her Nest the lofty Sky surveys,  
Then claps her Wings, and strives to fly in vain,  
The little Songster's forc'd to fall again ;  
But striving still, and taking better Care,  
She soars aloft, and mounts into the Air ;  
So may you rise with Fame, and still excel,  
And your chief Glory be in writing well.

CHARLES USHER, T. C. D.

P R O .





## PROLOGUE.

WE crave your Audience, Judges of the Age,  
Whilst a renowned Story mounts our Stage;  
Heroick Deeds and *Aughrim's* glorious Fight,  
With War and Bloodshed, swells our Scenes To-night.  
Never did *Caesar* do an Action bolder,  
And was our Author but a little older,  
Not *Pompey's* Triumphs, nor great *Scipio's* Fame,  
Could once compare with glorious *William's* Name:  
'Tis true, the *Irish* found it to their Cost,  
They fought that Battle bravely which they lost,  
Even like *Hectors* as for a Time they stood,  
And ere they run, they dy'd the Field in Blood;  
Nor great *Pharsalia*, nor the *Africk* Coast,  
Could ever yet so great a Wonder boast;  
But should the Play fall short upon my Truth,  
You may impute it to our Author's Youth?  
Scarce Tender twenty, faith a childish Age,  
To bring so great a Subject to the Stage,  
Then Criticks judge with Temper as you sit,  
Nor let not Malice over-rule your Wit, }  
For if you do, by *Jove* we'll damn your Pit:  
Sit not like Dogs in Hay, prepar'd to damn,  
That will not eat, nor suffer those who can;  
For sure you would be bold, should you pretend  
To damn a Play that CARTERET will defend.  
No, Criticks, rather first in Duty rise,  
And speak Lord CARTERET's Virtue to the Skies;

Let

# P R O L O G U E.

Let all our Cannon with their Smoke convey  
 His shining Glories to the ambient Sea:  
 O speak his Fame to each remotest Isle,  
 To *Euphrates*, and the famous *Nile*,  
 And may *Hibernia* long enjoy a Friend  
 Like him, to shelter, govern and defend.  
 Now to the Ladies we submit the Cause,  
 And from their Eyes expect to gain Applause;  
 For at the First our Author took a Care  
 To find a little Love to please the Fair.  
 Then, Ladies, pray do Justice every Way,  
 Pity his Youth, and strive to save his Play;  
 But if it must be damn'd, why damn way.

}



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# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

## MEN.

<i>Baron de Ginkle,</i>	General of the <i>English</i> ,
Marquis <i>Ruvigny</i> , General <i>Talmaſh</i> , General <i>Mackay</i> ,	} Generals in the <i>English</i> Army.
Colonel <i>Herbert</i> , Colonel <i>Earles</i> ,	
Monſieur <i>St. Ruth</i> ,	General of the <i>Irish</i> ,
<i>Sarsfield</i> , Lord <i>Lucan</i> , General <i>Dorrington</i> ,	} <i>Irish</i> Generals.
Colonel <i>Talbot</i> , Colonel <i>Gordon O'Neal</i> ,	} <i>Irish</i> Colonels.
Sir <i>Charles Godfrey</i> ,	{ A young <i>English</i> Gentleman of Fortune in Love with Colo- nel <i>Talbot</i> 's Daughter, and a Voluntier in the <i>Irish</i> Army.

## WOMEN.

<i>Jemina</i> ,	Colonel <i>Talbot</i> 's Daughter.
<i>Lucinda</i> ,	Wife to Colonel <i>Herbert</i> .

*With Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, Guards, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *The Irish Camp, near Athlone.*

THE

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THE  
BATTLE  
OF  
AUGHRIM.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Camp.*

*The Play opens with a martial Sound of Kettle Drums and Trumpets behind the Scenes, after which the Curtain goes up and discovers St. Ruth, Lord Sarsfield, and Col. Gordon O'Neal, as sitting in Council; they rise and come forward.*

St. Ruth.

Secure brave *Sarsfield*, in our Camp we lye,  
And from our Lines the *British* Force defy,  
Though in their Cause both *Dutch* and *Danes* do join  
To boast their dear bought Conquest of the *Boyne*.  
From yonder Hill, my Lord, I can survey  
Some great Rejoicing in their Camp To-day,  
For in the Air I could behold afar,  
Their Ensigns wavering in the Pomp of War,  
Their Cannon firing, and a Smoke arise,  
As with their Acclamations reach the Skies.

Believe

Believe me, Sir, these Whiggish Winds do bring  
 Some lying Packet from their *Orange King*,  
 The vicious Allies do some Fort invest,  
 Or else their Fleet has cannonaded *Brest*;  
 But let their Arms in *Flanders* so proceed,  
 By us the fam'd *Hibernia* shall be freed  
 Our *Flower de Luce* and *Harp* we will display  
 To fright those Wolves and Lions Cubs away,  
 Those Nun-containers, that pollute the Soil,  
 And grow both fat and wanton with your Spoil;  
 For which great *Lewis* anxious of the Land,  
 Hath sent me here your Army to command.

*Sars.* We stand indebted to the Christian King,  
 Next, Sir, to you, who do those Succours bring [*Bowing.*  
 Long may you live in martial Pomp to wield  
 A Heroe's Sword, the Truncheon, or the Shield,  
 You see our King and Race of Priests are sent  
 With all their Relicks into Banishment,  
 Our State is sunk; and now on every Side,  
 The *Pope* and *Trip'e-Crown* are both deny'd.  
 Our Foe the Metropoll'an commands,  
 And all the Power is wrested from our Hands.  
 No Garrison we hold to call our own,  
 But *Limerick*, *Gal'way*, and stout *Athlone*.  
 Which you, my Lord, have seen from yonder Ground,  
 With *British* Forces quite beleaguer'd round,  
 From whence our Letters say that every Morn  
 They stand in Danger of a general Storm.

*O'Neal.* Fear not, my Lord, but scorn the Revolution,  
 And like great *Cato* smile at Persecution.  
 When that brave *Roman* found his aged Hand,  
 No longer to defend his native Land,  
 Against himself the fatal Sword he drew,  
 And with it pierc'd his guiltless Body through.  
 Then let us, Sirs, like him disdain to fly,  
 But dig our Graves in Honour ere we die,  
 Or like true honest Souls retrieve our Liberty.

*St. Ruth.* There spoke the Genius of the Common-  
 weal,

Athought so noble suits the great *O'Neal*;

Thy



Thy Predecessors with heroic Fame,  
 Once quell'd *Erthugises* the haughty Dane.  
 When he in Triumph lay encamp'd between  
 The Hill of *Tarab* and the lofty *Screen*;  
 They cross'd the *Boyne*, and in the Dead of Night  
 Slew all his Guards and put his Troops to Flight,  
 Lay'd some as Tygers weltring all in Gore,  
 And drove the Remnant to their frozen Shore;  
 Thus, like brave Souls, by one courageous Stroke  
 They freed *Hibernia* from the *Danish* Yoke.  
 Then shall a Soul like yours be kept in Awe  
 By *England's* Power, or their proud *Nassau*?  
 No—stay—his Crown shall fall!——  
 Nay his Dominions moulder by Degrees,  
 As Leaves in *Autumn* with'ring off the Trees.  
*James* shall return, and with great Pomp restore  
 Our *Romish* Worship to the Land once more,  
 And drown these *Hereticks* in crimson Gore.

*Sars.* When that Day comes, which I most wish to see,  
 We'll strip the Branches from their *Orange* Tree,  
 Lop down his Boughs, whilst this true *Irish* Hand  
 Shall scourge those *English* Vipers off the Land;  
 Then shall our Monks and Jesuits all return,  
 And holy Incense on our Altars burn,  
 Whose arduous Smoke shall penetrate the Air.

[A Horn sounds within.

*St. Ruth.* Hark! a Post arrives who does some Mes-  
 sage bear.

Enter a Post.

*Post.* With important News I from *Athlone* am sent,  
 Be pleas'd to shew me to the General's Tent.

*Sars.* Behold the General, there your Message tell.

*St. Ruth.* Declare your Message are our Friends all well?

*Post.* Pardon me, Sir, the fatal News I bring,  
 Like Vultures Poison, every Heart shall sting.

*Athlone* is lost without your timely Aid,  
 At six this Morning an Assault was made,  
 When under Shelter of the *British* Cannon,  
 Their Grenadiers in Armour took the *Shannon*,

Led

Led by brave Captain *Sandys*, who with Fame  
 Plung'd to his Middle in the rapid Stream :  
 He led them through, and with undaunted Ire  
 He gain'd the Bank in spite of all our Fire ;  
 Being bravely follow'd by his Grenadiers,  
 Though Bullets flew like Hail about their Ears,  
 And by this Time they enter uncontroll'd.

*St. Ruth*. Dare all the Force of *England* be so bold,  
 T' attempt to storm so brave a Town, when I  
 With all *Hibernia's* Sons of War are nigh.  
 Return; and if the *Britains* dare pursue,  
 Tell them *St. Ruth* is near, and that will do.

*Post*. Your Aid would do much better than your Name

*St. Ruth*. Bear back this Answer, Friend from  
 whence you came. [Exit *Post*.]

*Sars*. Send speedy Succours and their Fate prevent,  
 You know not yet what *Britains* dare attempt.  
 I know the English Fortitude is such,  
 To boast of Nothing though they hazard much,  
 No Force on Earth their Fury can repel,  
 Nor would they fly from all the Devils in Hell.

*St. Ruth*. Name 'em no more, my Lord, but pray  
 forbear,

I will not aid them by my Name I swear ;  
 'Tis but a Scoff, a Ridicule to try,  
 Would I outbrave 'em in the Victory.  
 Dare *British* Force attempt to make them yield,  
 When as the *Sultan* I command the Field.

*Sars*. Boast not, my Lord, but rather take a View,  
 Of what those *Britains* did in *France* subdued,  
 See what their *Edward* did on *Cressy* Plain,  
 Or where at *Poitiers* he the Field did gain ;  
 Then tell me would those *Britains* fear your Name ?  
 Though I'm their Foe, I must espouse so far  
 The English Honour in the Feats of War ;  
 To say with Glory they would rather die,  
 E're they with Shame would from a Million fly.

*Enter*

*Enter Colonel Talbot.*

*St. Ruth.* Brave Colonel *Talbot*, thy victorious Hand,  
Nurtur'd in Arts of War, can best command,  
Thou Irish Scipio, let your Word atone,  
Pronounce your Thoughts, say, shall we aid *Athlone*?

*Talbot* Pardon me, Sir; I fear it's past your Aid,  
For from a rising Ground I now survey'd  
The British Standard on the Walls display'd;  
No further Confirmation need you crave,  
The Town is lost which you deny'd to save.

*Sars.* Now, see, my Lord, what English Hearts can do.

*St. Ruth.* They dare not, Sir, the News cannot be true.

*Talb.* 'Tis true by Heaven! you'll find it to your Loss,  
I seen the Walls o'erspread with George's Cross.  
And with Remorse, just as a pointed Dart  
Shot from a Thunder-bolt, it pierc'd my Heart;  
This I beheld, and heard their Cannon roar,  
I turn'd my Back, and would behold no more.

*Enter Major General Dorrington.*

*Dor.* Misfortune, Death, and Horror! Oh, the Grief!  
*Athlone* is lost, and now is past Relief

The flying Soldiers from the Town do run,  
And now for Shelter to the Camp they come.

*St. Ruth.* Then it is surely taken past a Doubt,  
Haste, order my Guards to march and beat 'em out.

*Sars.* Easily said, could they as soon obey,  
We'd make the Scellums for their Entrance pay;  
But yet I fear, in an unlucky Hour,  
They will not fly from you, nor all your Power.

*Dor.* The Works that face our Camp are yet entire  
And now their Guns against our Tents do fire;  
Except we straight decamp by your Command,  
There's not a Tent in all our Lines can stand.

*St. Ruth.* Then loiter not but sound to Arms on fight,  
Decamp and march, to *Milton* Pass to-Night,  
And in good Order all to *Aughrim* fly,  
For there's the Spot on which I'll chuse to die,  
Or by the Dint of Sword my Fortune try.

Haste, see the Tents struck with Care, and all Things done.  
And draw them off without the Beat of Drum.

[*Exeunt* Dorrington, Talbor, and O'Neal,

*Sars.* Be calm my Soul, the swelling Spleen assuage,  
And curb the boiling Madness of my Rage;  
Now let the Earth be in a *Chaos* hurl'd,  
Whilst Earthquakes rise and overthrow the World,  
Let gloomy Vapours veil the dusky Air,  
And let all Mankind sink beneath Despair,  
Let *Sol* and *Cynthia*, now withdraw their Light,  
And let the Stars no longer rule the Night,  
But let the Course of Nature be extinguished quite. }  
Oh Heavens! *Athlone* is lost, that lovely Seat,  
The Pride of Empire, and the Throne of State,  
Thy Sons are slaughter'd and thy Walls betray'd,  
Because that Traitor would not send thee Aid;  
But I'll revenge the Wrong, and he shall fall,  
The Crime is great, though the Revenge is small.

[*Draws.*

Come, draw——and let your Sword afford your Heart  
Relief.

*St. Ruth.* Consider, *Sarsfield*, I am here your Chief.  
Your Country's Ruin would attend our Strife.

*Sars.* No Thought but that could save your Life;

[*puts up.*

That binds my Sword, or by the Lord, I swear,  
I'd send your Soul to wallow in Despair.

*St. Ruth.* You'd send my Soul! there I conjure you hold,  
For know, proud Traitor, you are now too bold;  
Detested from my Camp you shall be driven,  
Without the Hopes of finding Aid from Heaven.

*Sars.* You dare not drive me, nor I won't obey,  
Yet know curst Mongrel here I will not stay;  
I'll quit your Camp, then shall you surely find,  
There's not an Irish Soul will stay behind.  
Then with the Remnant of my chosen Band,  
I'll drive your Frog Devourers off the Land,  
My Eyes like Basilisks shall dart you through,  
Then will I next the British Powers subdue;

Without



Without your Aid, I will their Force defeat,  
To free my Country and my lost Estate:  
Mean while, let Vengeance, War and public Shame,  
Trace your damn'd self, your Country and your Name.  
[Exit.

*St. Ruth* solus.

*St. Ruth.* Insulted and abandon'd! Oh ye Gods!  
Did ever Man meet such unequal Odds!  
Sent by the King to save a stubborn Crew,  
Who with Perdition would my Life pursue.  
But hold my Heart, dispel these timorous Fears,  
For lo, *O'Neal* and *Dorrington* appears.

*Enter* *Dorrington*, *Talbot* and *O'Neal*.

*O'Neal.* Your Orders are obey'd, my Lord, the Right  
Detachment of your Horse is out of Sight,  
Your Left, the Centre, and the Royal Train,  
Are on their March and have forsook the Plain.

*St. Ruth.* Success attend 'em, but, *O'Neal* I fear,  
The boisterous Surges of our Feat are near.  
A Gleam of Horror does my Vitals damp,  
I fear Lord *Lucan* has forsook our Camp.

*O'Neal.* Great Heaven forbid! the Hero should desert,  
The Thought like Lightning blasts me to the Heart.  
As I rode through our Lines to move this Way,  
He marshall'd forth his Troops in bright Array,  
And with a Smile which spoke his inward Worth,  
He boldly bid them spread his Banners forth:  
This, Sir, I heard; the next his Sword he drew,  
Mounted his Steed, and bid them all pursue  
Their Country's Freedom, and its Soil redeem  
From servile Bonds——But when he found I seen  
His forward Inclinations every Way,  
He wav'd his Arm aloft, and bid me stay.  
To join his Party, Time will shew the rest.

*St. Ruth.* Thy News, like rushing Torrents have delug'd my Breast,  
But haïe, *O'Neal*, my Friend, and overtake  
His rash Resolves, and, for thy Country's Sake,

D

To



To his great Breast, the threatning Danger shew,  
 Entreat him, nay, beseech him not to go;  
 Bring him to *Aughrim*, and if you prevail,  
 When we are join'd, we will our Foes assail,  
 Do this, brave Friend, with Eloquence on Sight,  
 Whilst in the Rear I shall make good our Flight.  
 [Exeunt St. Ruth, Dorrington and O'Neal.]

*Colonel Talbot solus.*

*Talbot.* Should he desert, ye Powers! I will not stay,  
 But like Lord *Syphax* bear my Troops away,  
 Confound the Booger e'er I do retire,  
 And set *Olympus* on a Flame of Fire,  
 For sure the Gods our Ruin do decree.

*Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.*

*Sir Char.* By the Account she gave, this must be he.

Behold a Stranger kneels and humbly prays [Aside.  
 That you would add some Moments to his Days. [Kneels.]

*Talb.* Wrap me not in Confusion, but explain  
 Your Wrongs, young Soldier, and from whence you  
 came.

*Sir Char.* My Heart ensnar'd by Love does inward bleed,  
 If *Talbot* is your Name, I will proceed.

*Tal.* Strange Youth it is—arise and pray disclose  
 [He rises.]

With free Access the Author of your Woes.

*Sir Char.* Then, Sir, to tell you all my final Case,  
 I am a Brita'n of a Saxon Race;

*Sir Charles Godfrey* is my lawful Name,  
 My Father, in our late great Monarch's Reign,  
 Was by a Band of Villains basely slain  
 He being dead, I was of Friends bereft;

One virtuous Sister I had only left,  
 And she is wedded as I needs must own,  
 To Colonel *Herbert* now before *Athlone*.

Thither was I going, when by Chance I spy'd  
 Thy Daughter sitting by a Forest Side,

I stood

I flood amaz'd, and view'd her o'er and o'er,  
And as I view'd, alas! I lov'd the more.  
She seem'd so charming to my ravish'd Eyes,  
That mighty *Juno* hovering from the Skies,  
Drawn by her Peacocks through the liquid Air,  
Must yield her Throne to one so killing fair.

*Talb.* Eloquence well turn'd: Young *Marcus*, what remains?

*Sir Cha.* Her beauteous Charms have set my Heart  
on Flames,

When on my Knees I did for Mercy sue,  
Her Answer was, I must appeal to you.  
Then, noble Sir, if Mercy is confin'd  
Within the Dictates of a Warrior's Mind,  
Impower his Sword to serve her heav'nly Charms  
I'll court her in the Field by Deeds of Arms,  
In spite of Death or all its loud Alarms.

*Talb.* Thy Suit shall be accepted, gallant Youth,  
Let me inform our General *St. Ruth*,  
If he receives you, then I pawn my Oath,  
Win her, she shall be yours, and bless you both.

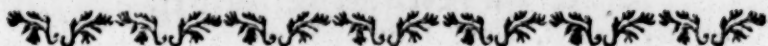
*Sir Char.* How shall my Gratitude reward your Care?

*Talb.* Follow to *Augbrim*, for we stand it there:  
By Force of War make good your rightful Claim,  
And Wreaths of Laurel for our Monarch gain.

*Sir Char.* Now, like the Mariner, I leave the Shore,  
And put to Sea in search of golden Ore,  
Through boisterous Surges plow the troubled Main,  
'Midst Rocks and Tempests, and at last attain  
A Bay of Love, and Pleasure for my Pain.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the first A C T.*



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *The Plain of Aughrim at five in the Morning The Irish Camp and the Castle of Aughrim appearing at a Distance.*

*Enter Jemina, who sits down and sings.*

I.

Y E Gods, look down and see a Maid,  
By cruel Fortune thus betray'd  
A Sacrifice to Fate:  
A Youth I love, and he is brave,  
Like mighty *Mars*, ordained to save  
But yet to captivate.

II.

Come all ye Nymphs, who ever knew  
What *Cupid* or his Dart could do,  
Give Ear into my Moan;  
Pity my Pain, ye Maids, and know  
I love but cannot tell him so;  
Then melt each Heart of Stone.

III.

Immortal Gods some Pity show  
On constant Lovers here below,  
Whom Dangers do surround,  
Let them at last, when all is clear  
Enjoy their Love and only Dear;  
And let their Joys abound.

IV. But

IV.

But if the Powers do decree  
That I must lose my Liberty,  
Distracted will I run,  
To seek some dismal-fatal Grove,  
There fall a Victim for my Love,  
And so be quite undone.

[*She rises and comes forward.*]

Hail sweet *Hibernia*, hospitable Isle,  
More rich than *Egypt* with her flowing *Nile*;  
Fair Garden of the Earth, thy fragrant Plains  
Are Seats of War; and thy sweet purling Streams  
All run with Blood, and Vengeance seems to trace  
The shining Remnant of *Hibernia's* Race.

*Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.*

Sir *Char.* See how fair *Venus*, like the breaking Morn,  
With Virgin Blushes does the Plains adorn,  
The gleamy Damps of Night she does controul,  
And darts her Rays to chear my drooping Soul.  
Oh! my *Femina*, listen whilst I say  
The News I bring shall bless the breaking Day;  
*Apollo* rises from his Eastern Seat  
To crown those Joys my Tongue can scarce repeat.

*Fem.* What Joy is this, Sir Knight, you would impart?

Sir *Char.* Such as has rais'd a Sun-shine in my Heart.  
Thy gallant Sire has granted all thy Charms,  
With all thy Heavens to these transported Arms.

*Fem.* Oh! name not Joys like these for Heaven's sake,  
What, is not Love, nay, Fortune, both at Stake?  
You see my Country's Fate reduc'd so low,  
To try a Gamester's Chance for one poor Throw.

Sir *Char.* Let not a Thought so vain as this perplex  
The brightest Star of all thy beauteous Sex;  
For if your Country should in Danger be,  
By Heaven! I swear, I'd die to set it free:  
Inspir'd by you, I'd rush against my Fate,  
Like *Saladine*, and all our Foes defeat,

E

Then

26      *The Battle of Aughrim: Or,*

Then, fairest on the Earth, do not despair,  
For Heaven, who form'd you so divinely fair,  
Will make your Safety its peculiar Care. }

*Jem.* Forbear, Sir Knight, the Language I detest;  
Could Thoughts like these inflame a Virgin's Breast  
At this sad Time, when Love's auspicious Charms  
Are all declin'd for martial Deeds of Arms?  
And at my throbbing Heart there's something too  
Whispers within, that Men are seldom true.

*Sir Char.* Witness with me, ye Gods! who rule the  
Sky,

How far my Nature is beyond a Lie,  
If I dissemble, may I ever be  
A sad example to Posterity!  
When first your fair angelic Form I view'd,  
The God of Love my Liberty subdu'd,  
From your fair Eyes he stole a fatal Dart,  
And sheath'd it reeking in my captive Heart;  
Nothing therefore can end my raging Pain,  
Unless for Love you grant me Love again;  
For if you do my fervent Suit deny,  
I like the *Phoenix* in my Nest will fry,  
Till cruel Death shall finish all the Strife,  
And I in scorching Flames give up my Life;  
Then as my Ghost to Paradise shall go,  
I'll praise that Heaven in you I leave below.

*Jem.* Can Flattery like this proceed from one  
Whom all my Thoughts are solely fix'd upon?  
Your Eloquence divine my Heart does move,  
And now in spite of Virtue I must love.  
Here, take my Hand; 'tis true, the Gift is small,  
But, when I can, I'll give you Heart and all.

*Sir Char.* Thanks to the Gods! who such a present  
gave,

Such radiant Graces ne'er could Man receive;  
For who on Earth has e'er such Transports known?  
What is the *Turkish* Monarch on his Throne,  
Hem'd round with rusty Swords in pompous State  
Amidst his Court no Joys can be so great.

Retire



Retire with me, my Soul, no longer stay  
In public View the General moves this Way. [*Exeunt.*  
[*A flourish of Trumpets within.*

*Enter St. Ruth, Dorrington, and O'Neal.*

*St. Ruth.* Is *Sarsfield* then return'd? O bless the Day!  
Draw out our Troops to line the Heroe's Way;  
Amidst our Shouts in Triumph shall he come,  
Like great *Emilius*, when he enter'd *Rome*  
In Pomp, bedew'd with *Macedonian* Tears.

*Dor.* Behold, my Lord, *Sarsfield* the brave appears!

*Enter Sarsfield.*

*St. Ruth.* Now stand, Distraction! here thy Con- }  
quest ends. [Embracing. }  
Thrice welcome to my Heart thou best of Friends,  
The Rock on which our holy Faith depends:  
May this our Meeting, as a Tempest, make  
The vast Foundation of *Britania* shake,  
Tear up their *Orange* Plants, and overwhelm  
The strongest Bulwarks of the British Realm!  
Then shall their *Dutch* and *Hanoverians* fall,  
And *James* shall ride in Triumph to *White hall*.  
Then, to protect our Faith, he will maintain  
An *Inquisition* here, like that in *Spain*.

*Sars.* Most bravely urg'd, my Lord; your Skill I own,  
Would be unparallel'd, had you sav'd *Atblone*.

*St. Ruth.* Probe not those Wounds anew, lest they create  
Some fresh Commotions, to draw on our Fate;  
But rather let us some Example shew,  
And issue forth on the imperious Foe,  
Who now comes on, like swelling Waves, who roar  
To dash on Rocks, and break against the Shore.  
The latest Letters from my Spies do say,  
That near the River *Suck* the *Britons* lay,  
Secur'd of Conquest, and will hither come,  
Like boisterous Surges, guided by the Moon.

*Dor.* There fear 'em not, whilst here we lie secure  
As ever *Guiscard* lay in great *Namure*;  
You see, my Lords, our Camp on every Side  
Is both by Art and Nature fortify'd;

For

28      *The Battle of Aughrim : Or,*

For Situation, not a Spot of Ground  
Like this in all *Hibernia* can be found.

[*An Alarm within.*]

*Enter Colonel Talbot hastily.*

*Tal.* To Arms, my Friends ! the *English* are in Sight,  
And, in Contempt of Death, resolves to fight ;  
Despising Fear, like Furies they advance,  
In open War, to dare the Power of *France* ;  
Their echoing shouts the pregnant Vallies fill.  
And all our Works are levell'd on the Hill ;  
Our Scouts no longer at their Posts can stay,  
But fall like Snow that gently thaws away.

*St. Ruth.* Be it your Care to march with present Aid.

*Tal.* Your Orders, Sir, with Speed shall be obey'd.

[*Draws his Sword, and Exit.*]

[*Drums beat within.*]

*St. Ruth.* Come, let us arm, my Friends, and at the  
Head

Of every Rigiment let a Mass be said !  
Draw forth our Army in the best Array,  
To try the Fortune of this doubtful Day ;  
For sure the *English* Scellums, void of Fear,  
Design to force our Lines, and fight us here ;  
But should they come, their each victorious Band  
Shall fall like Wheat before a Reaper's Hand.

*Dor.* But first, my Lord, I hold it best, that we  
On *Killcommodon* post our Cavalry.

Behind these Hedges let some Forces stand,  
That may the Center of the Bog command ;  
Then shall we see, for all their great Designs,  
If *Scanderberg* himself dare force our Lines.

[*A second Alarm within.*]

*Enter Sir Charles Godfrey, his Sword drawn and bloody.*

*Sir Char.* Arm, quickly arm, why stand ye loitering  
here

In cold Debates, the conquering Foe is near.

Brave

Brave *Cunningham's* Dragoons, Sir *Albert* at their Head,  
Have pay'd the Field all over with the Dead ;  
Before the gallant Knight no Force could stand,  
But all submitted to his mighty Hand.

More could I say, but Horror stops my Speech.

*St. Ruth.* Nay, tell out the Worst, young Soldier, I  
beseech.

Sir *Cha.* Alas! my Heart, I tremble to explain  
But since I must—*Talbot* the Great is slain.  
Lord *Portland's* Hoste approach'd the mortal Fight  
With Sword in Hand, and put our Troops to Flight :  
This *Talbot* seen and like a Hero bold,  
Disdaining Life, he scorn'd to be controul'd,  
But, as a *Mars*, amidst the Throng he run,  
And there he stood like Marble to the Sun,  
Till being flank'd and hack'd on every Side,  
By Multitudes oppress'd he bravely dy'd :  
I strove in vain, and by his Side I stood,  
Till as you see, I dy'd my Sword in Blood.

*Sars.* There fell as brave a Soul, with Honour fir'd,  
As ever yet by Force of War expir'd :  
Then fly to Arms, and for his Sake who dy'd,  
Pursue and charge the Foe on every Side.

*St. Ruth.* Then loiter not, but sound to Arms with  
Speed,

And for his Sake ten thousand Foes shall bleed ;  
Vengeance and War, their Legions shall devour :  
*Athlone* was sweet, but *Aughrim* shall be sour.

But to defeat them, with more Ease, I see,

'Tis best we guard the Pass of *Urarchree* :

Then haste, *O'Neal*, and see the Castle lin'd

With Musqueteers, as we before design'd ;

Draw up your Troops, in order to sustain

The *Briton's* Fire, and their Ground maintain.

You know, my Heroes, I have oft embru'd

These Hands in Blood and heresy subdu'd,

So, on this Day, *Rome's* Banners shall be spread,

To send these Locusts reeling to the Dead.

Our Church shall bless you, and her Saints shall pray

That we may gain the Glory of the Day.

*Lewis*

*Lewis* shall guard you, I myself will wield  
This Sword, and sweep those Vermin off the Field.

*(Exeunt.*

*(Drums and Trumpets within.*

*Enter several Soldiers bearing the Body of Colonel Talbot  
on their Shoulders, they lay him bloody on the Stage.*

*Enter* *Jemina.*

*Jem.* Oh ;—— is he dead !—— my Soul is all  
on fire,

Witness ye Gods !—— he did with Fame expire ;  
For Liberty—— a Sacrifice was made,  
And fell, like *Pompey*, by some Villain's Blade.  
There lies a breathless Corpse, whose Soul ne'er knew  
A Thought but what was always just and true.  
Look down from Heaven, ye Gods of Peace and Love,  
Wast him, with Triumph, to the Throne above ;  
And, oh ! ye winged Guardians of the Skies,  
Tune your sweet Harps, and sing his Obsequies !  
Good Friends stand off—— whilst I embrace the Ground  
Whereon he lies—— and bathe each mortal Wound  
With brinish Tears, that like to Torrents run  
From these sad Eyes—— Oh, Heavens ! I'm undone.

*[Falls down on the Body.*

*Enter* *Sir Charles Godfrey.* *He raises her.*

*Sir Cha.* Why do these precious Eyes, like Fountains  
flow,

To drown the radiant Heaven that lies below ?  
Dry up your Tears, I trust his Soul, ere this,  
Has reach'd the Mansions of eternal Bliss :  
Soldiers——bear hence the Body out of Sight.

*[They bear him off.*

*Jem.* Oh stay——ye Murd'ers cease to kill me quite :

*[He holds her.*

See how he glares !——and see again he flies !  
The Clouds fly open, and he mounts the Skies !

Oh

Oh see his Blood, it shines refulgent bright,  
I see him yet—I cannot lose him quite,  
But still pursue him on—and lose my Sight.

}

*Sir Cha.* Patience, my Soul, dispel these gushing Tears,  
For see your *Godfrey* by your Side appears.

*Jem.* 'Tis true thy Sight is, at this fatal Time,  
Welcome as Rain upon a 'Sun-burn'd Clime :  
But, oh ! my Grief I need no more disclose,  
You see the mangled Cause of all my Woes.

*Sir Cha.* I saw him plain, that is no Cause at all ;  
For though he dy'd, he did with Honour fall :  
'Though like the Sun, when darken'd by a Cloud,  
You for a While your beauteous Beams do shroud,  
But when the Eclipse is past, and Darknes o'er,  
You shine much brighter than you did before.  
'Thou fair *Diana* !—retire with me this Way,  
View there our Army drawn in Pomp array.  
Amidst their Ranks, inspir'd by you, I'll fly,  
So underneath thy Banners bravely die :  
But should I fall beneath the Force of Arms,  
Let no proud Victor dare to share your Charms,  
Rather first find me weltring with the Sain,  
Let thy Blood too, like Dew enrich the Plain,  
To mix with mine in one united Stream.

}

[*Exeunt.*

*The End of the second A C T.*





## A C T III. S C E N E I.

SCENE *changes to the English Camp.**Drum within beats the English Grenadiers March.**Enter Colonel Herbert, and Colonel Earles, with their  
Swords drawn. Colonel Earles sings.*

**M**Arch on, brave Boys, make good your Ground,  
 Let all your sprightly Trumpets found  
 To Arms, and we will confound  
   Those Foes to the Revolution.

Great *Mars* the Monarch of the Field  
 In shining Pomp with Sword and Shield,  
 Shall lead us on, and make them yield  
   To the glorious Revolution.

Our rattling Guns, like Peals of Thunder,  
 Shall fill the Foe with Fear and Wonder,  
 To keep the *Pope* and *Devil* under,  
   And support the Revolution.

May *Britain's* Sons the Battle try,  
 To make these tim'rous Bug-bears fly,  
 Then let each loyal Subject cry  
   Success to the Revolution.

Long live great *William!* may he reign  
 To curb the Pride of *France* and *Spain*,  
 And with his conquering Sword maintain  
   The pompous Revolution.

Thus

Thus far our Arms victoriously proceed,  
By whose great Force our Brethren must be freed ;  
For see, my *Herbert*, now the Day is come  
That British Arms shall triumph over *Rome*.  
Their Priesthood shall against the Gods exclaim,  
For in their Camp Confusion seems to reign.

*Herb.* It does, we shall defeat them, and may I  
In the Defence of *England's* Honour die :  
Fir'd with such Glory, let us meet the Toil,  
And cultivate with Blood the thirsty Soil ;  
Maintain our Ground, nor give an Inch away,  
Though Death and Hell stood gaping in our Way.

[*Exeunt.*

*A Table and Chairs are set, Flourish of Trumpets within.*

*Enter, at several Doors, General Gincle, Ruvigney,  
Talmash, Mackay, and Colonel Herbert.*

*Herb.* Defend great *Gincle*, oh ye Gods ! and may  
His mighty Sword redeem our Laws To-day.

*Ginc.* Hail mighty *Britons* ! we appeal to you,  
Whether or no we must the Fight pursue ;  
I hold it best for to encamp To night,  
And so fall on them by the Morning Light ;  
But let us sit down here, and first debate  
Of proper Means to poise the Scale of Fate.

[*They all sit down.*

Now present, great Heroes to your view  
The Plan of *Aughrim*, which my Gunner drew,

[*Shews a Map.*

That to a Hair their Posture does describe,  
And shews their Camp as it is fortify'd :  
Here, my brave Soldiers, you may plainly see

[*Pointing to the Map.*

Their Right extended all to *Urarchree*,  
Their Left and Centre do two Miles contain,  
Extending o'er the well surrounded Plain.  
*Europe* can't shew a Spot thus fortify'd  
With Rivers, Hills, and Bogs on every Side :

F

Then

Then speak, my Lords, pronounce your Thoughts on  
Sight,

Shall we decline it, or renew the Fight?

*Herb.* My Lords, my Voice was ever to pursue,  
And with our utmost Force the Fight renew:  
Hazard was still the Glory of the Great;  
Then let us fight, so shall we extirpate  
Those purple Slaves, who would our Faith devour  
With bloody Zeal, and cruel priestly Power,  
Subvert our Laws, and make a Nation bleed,  
Then think they merit Heaven for the Deed;  
Let Thoughts like these your noble Minds enflame,  
To add fresh Laurels to great *William's* Name;  
Relieve your Brethren, and with Fame subdue  
*Rome's* wooden Idols, and their monkish Crew,  
Those vile Oppressors of our sacred Laws!  
Then side with me, and Heaven will join our Cause.

*Ruv.* There now, brave *Herbert*, you have touch'd  
it right;

But yet consider the Powers we have to fight;  
For by the Accounts which we have lately seen,  
They're five and twenty Thousand, we Eighteen;  
A desperate Odds, my Friends, beside the Ground  
With Forts and Breastworks is beleagu'rd round,  
A Bog secures their Van, a Rivulet behind,  
Beside the Advantage of the Sun and Wind.  
Weigh all this well, then will you surely see,  
If we engage, we fight 'em One to Three.

*Ginc.* Send for our Tents, then will we lie all Night  
Encamp'd along the Valley in their Sight,  
That when the sable Night shall pass away,  
And Sol's fair Chariot usher on the Day,  
When the faint waning Moon shall be o'er run,  
Then we'll attack them by the Morning Sun,  
So Heaven, great Heaven, shall be divinely kind,  
To drive our Foes like Chaff before the Wind.

*Enter Colonel Earles.*

*Earles.* My Lord, this Moment, as I firmly stood,  
lodg'd in my Post near the adjoining Wood,

A Herald

A Herald from the *Irish* Camp is come  
With some Demands, his Name is *Dorrington*.

[Exit Earles.]

*Gin.* Conduct him here——what can his Message be?  
Will they draw off, and leave the Country free?  
It may be so—but see the Embassage comes——

*Re-enter Colonel Earles with Dorrington.*

*Dor. St. Ruth*, whose Days be many, greeting sends  
To General *Gincle*, and his potent Friends.

*Ginc.* His Name we honour, but your Message speak,

*Dor. St. Ruth*, by me, these just Demands do make;  
That first you would your Heresies forsake,  
The Prince of *Orange* and his Claim disown,  
And fix your lawful Monarch on his Throne:  
Disband your Legions, and with Speed become  
Submissive Liege-men to the See of *Rome*.  
My Lord, when this is done the Slaughter ends,  
Then shall brave *Gincle* and *St. Ruth* be Friends;  
Which if you do, my Lord, you will do well.

*Ginc.* I scorn his Friendship, as the Flames of Hell.  
Tell him from me his Friendship I defy,  
My Troops are brave and on them I rely:  
Nor *Spartan Cleomenes* could do more,  
For *Macedonians* in the Days of *Yore*.  
My British Soldiers, led by brave Commanders,  
In Glory shall eclipse your *Alexanders*.  
Then haste, and let your haughty *Monsieur* know,  
By me he meets a total Overthrow.  
This Day *Hibernia's* Fortune shall be try'd,  
Whilst War and Bloodshed shall the Cause decide.  
Then shall my English Handful surely free  
This famous Isle from Romish Tyranny.

*Dor.* My Lord, consider——and be sincerely wise,  
My Master's proffer'd Friendship don't despise,  
Lest you be forc'd too soon to bend to Fate,  
And curse your Rashness when it is too late.

*Ginc.* Leave that, thou proud *Hibernian*, if you dare,  
To the Decision of a desperate War,  
Tell him from me once more——that, on the Plain,  
Nassau's undoubted Right we will maintain:

To-day



To-day great WILLIAM's Arms shall meet Renown,  
Whilst circling Laurels shall Adorn his Crown.

*Dor.* My Lord, I take my Leave, but yet e'er Night  
You'll curse your Rashness, and decline the Fight.

[*Exit Dorrington.*]

*Herb.* There spoke a *Tamerlane*—but rise, my Lords,  
Renew the Fight, and with your well try'd Swords,  
Attack the Foe, and don't defer the Fight,  
Lest they march off unpunish'd in the Night.  
Gods!—shall true *Britons* tamely hold their Hands,  
To sit like Slaves, and hear such bold Demands?  
It cannot be——dispel the causeless Fears,  
Strive to retrieve the Fame of former Years,  
Think how our *Henry* taught proud *France* to yield  
At *Agincourt*, and bravely won the Field;  
Then shall not we his glorious Deed pursue,  
And, Sword in Hand, th' insulting Foe subdue.

*Mackay.* As *Herbert* says,—so let us strait proceed,  
By Force of War to make whole Thousands bleed.  
Loiter no longer, but on *St. Ruth's* Right,  
Let our brave Soldiers, with a dreadful Flight  
Of leaden Balls, begin the mortal Fight.  
Which if they do, my Lords, the *Irish* then,  
From *Aughrim* Castle, will detach their Men;  
So when that Way shall be of Guards bereft,  
Our Right may pass, and so attack their Left.

*Ginle.* Agreed, brave *English*, let our Cannons Play  
Whose aspiring Smoke shall overcast the Day;  
There let our useless Staffs of Honour lie,

[*They throw down their Trunchions.*]

For on our Swords the Battle does rely. [*They all draw.*]  
Each to his Post, and see that it be fought  
With matchless Courage, as by *Britons* ought,  
On every Side our *George's* Cross display,  
And die each Man, or else redeem the Day.  
Protect us Heaven, in thee alone we trust,  
Prosper our Arms, as this our Cause is just,  
Plant thy true Word once more in this poor Isle,  
Shield it from them who would thy Faith defile.

Now,



Now, my brave Friends, let us the Combat try,  
No Task is left us now, but how to die.  
Then let us fall with Glory e'er we yield,  
Or with a Sea of Blood, deluge the Field.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Trumpets sound a Charge within. Enter Lucinda.*

*Lucinda.* O stay, my *Herbert*, I conjure you stay.

*Re-enter Herbert.*

*Herb.* What would my ever fair *Lucinda* say?

*Lucinda.* Oh, don't engage to-day, I thee desire,  
Last Night methought I saw you wrap'd in Fire,  
All clad in Flames, whilst Angels did surround  
Your lovely Form, and bore thee off the Ground,  
Then I beheld thee as a Cherub rise,  
And sore aloft to the celestial Skies.

*Herb.* What means my Soul--what signifies thy Dream,  
It but portends I shall be crown'd with Fame.  
Hark—now the glorious Battle is begun,  
And thun'dring Cannon do eclipse the Sun,  
The Trumpet's Blast commands me to the Fight,  
Adieu, my fairest Orb, my Soul's Delight.  
I must not be by Woman's Counsel stay'd,  
For Love and Honour both must be obey'd.

*Lucin.* Be not too rash, my *Herbert*, but allay  
My growing Fears, and do not fight to Day:  
Had *Cæsar* listen'd to *Calphurnia's* Dream,  
At *Pompey's* Statue he had ne'er been slain.  
The Mariner he ploughs the foaming Seas,  
And from his Barque the pleasant Land surveys:  
He leaps with Joy, and to his Comfort sees  
The pregnant Banks all overspread with Trees;  
Then as he strives to enter with the Tide.  
A Rock, unseen, his Vessel does divide:  
So e'er he can the happy Port attain,  
He's swallow'd with his Cargo in the Main.

*Herb.* Cheer up, my Soul, no Danger can I fear,  
Our Pilot from the Rocks will keep us clear,

G

You

You see the Flowers, like to Babes just born  
 Dart forth their Blossoms in the welcome Morn;  
 But when the joyful Day is spent and done,  
 They close their Pride, and mourn the absent Sun,  
 Then cease your Fears, no longer can I stay,  
 My Country calls, and Honour must obey.

*Lucin.* Then will you go, my dear Soul? Oh, how  
 Are these Joys fled, that flatter'd me but now;  
 Where are the pleasant Joys, and fond Delight,  
 That with sweet Raptures crown'd my bridal Night:  
 Where are those Extasies of Love and Charms,  
 When Heaven itself I thought was in your Arms?  
 Oh, are they vanish'd now, and will you fly  
 To meet your Fate, and without Pity dye?  
 Which if you do, this *Amazon's* Hand  
 Shall pierce my Heart and all my Woes disband.

*Herb.* Speak not of Death, but rather view yon Hill,  
 From whose fair Side, sweet Waters do distil,  
 Its pleasant verdant Brow doth so invite,  
 That you would sit down there, and view the Fight;  
 Banish your Fears, my Love, and come away,  
 And from that Grass you may with ease survey,  
 How *Britain's* Genius shall with Glory rise  
 To reach with joyful Pomp th' applauding Skies.

[*Exeunt.*

*Drums within, Enter the Generals Ginkle, Mackay,  
 and Col. Herbert, their Swords drawn.*

*Ginkle.* 'Tis now just past Five, and we have just begun  
 To join the Battle by a Signal Gun;  
 No Slackness can be found on either Side,  
 For through the Air Death does in Triumph ride:  
 Our Men with Intrepidity advance,  
 'Midst Showers of Balls condemn the Rage of *France*,  
 Our Left have passed the Bog, and now aspire  
 To gain more Ground in spite of all their Fire.

*Mac.* But here, my Lord, I have observ'd in spight  
 Of all their Force, our Left subdues their Right,  
 For I survey how they their Loss supply,  
 And fill the Ground where several Hundreds lye,

With

With undaunted Bravery the Charge they stand,  
And from their Right both Horse and Foot command,  
Now should we hold on this Advantage lay,  
And march our Foot a-croſs the narrow Way,  
There poſt themſelves, in order to oppoſe  
The main Battalia of the ſinking Foes.

*Ginck.* Be that committed to brave *Herbert's* Care,  
The martial Orb of *Britain's* Hemisphere.

With theſe Battalions let your Fame be ſhewn,  
With *Creighton's*, *Earls*, *Brewer's*, and your own,  
Attempt the Bog, and ſee your Ground maintain'd  
Till with freſh Forces you ſhall be ſuſtain'd.

*Herbert.* My Lord no further Glory do I aſk,  
But meet with Pleaſure ſo renown'd a Taſk,  
'The great Command with Extaſy embrace,  
Though Death and Ruin ſtare me in the Face. [*Exit.*

*Ginck.* Here we embrace, my Friend, as heretofore,  
[*Embracing.*

Brethren have parted, never to meet more:  
Or as two Friends, who with Remorſe ſurvey  
Their Veſſel ſever'd on the raging Sea,  
Each gets a Plank, and his Companions leaves  
To the wild Mercy of the raging Waves;  
As long as poſſible his Friend he views,  
Each forc'd, at laſt, a different Fate purſues;  
One ſinks, while t'other gains the Shore at laſt,  
There mourns his Fellow's Loſs, and grieves for what  
is paſt. [*Exeunt.*

*Trumpets within.*

*The End of the Third ACT.*



ACT IV.      SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Plain of Aughrim between both Armies  
at Six in the Evening.*

*Trumpets within.*

*Enter St. Ruth and Sarsfield, their Swords drawn.*

ST. RUTH.

FORTUNE seems doubtful yet, nor won't decide  
The Victory, but favours either Side :  
Strict to the Charge our Soldiers stand their Ground,  
Whilst Mars, in Pomp, surveys the Battle round,  
Rules all the Field like an impartial God,  
To scourge those Britons with his martial Rod.  
- Sars. View how the Foe, like an impetuous Flood,  
Breaks through the Smoke, the Water, and the Mud ;  
They'll surely pass the Bog, and then contemn  
The puissant Power of you, and all our Men ;  
Nor all the great Habiliments of War,  
Nor Walls of Brass, their Passage can debar :  
Or should you Legions of their Numbers kill,  
Leave but a few alive, they'd rally still.

SA. Ruth. By Heav'n's! they're brave; 'tis Pity they  
should be

Expos'd to Hazard, Death, and Massacre ;  
Heroes they are, my Lord ; and as I live,  
Were they not Hereticks, I would forgive.  
But yet our holy Church doth so command,  
That we must root such Miscreants off the Land.  
Oh, let us then our Soldiers animate  
To be courageous, and their Foes defeat.

*Enter*

*Enter General Dorrington with his Sword drawn.*

*Dor.* *Augbrim* is ours, brave Gen'ral *Holstile's* dead,  
Who even now Lord *Portland's* Horse did head,  
He that e'er now triumphant rul'd the Plain  
On a proud Steed, that did the Bit disdain,  
Drove all before him, till a lucky Ball,  
Shot with good Aim from off the Castle Wall,  
Clove ope his Scull. and with the mortal Wound,  
I seen him fall all bloody on the Ground.

*St. Ruth.* Thanks to the Gods—and all the sacred  
Powers,  
Heaven now is just—and *Augbrim* shall be ours;  
Now Conquest chirups in the liquid Air,  
They fly,—pursue, and charge them in the Rear.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE opens, and several Soldiers enter as running away, with them Col. Earles.*

*Earles.* Oh—stand and bravely perish ere you fly,  
For at the Worst, brave Souls, we can but die,  
Then bravely stand your Ground, and scorn to flinch;  
But if they conquer, sell them every Inch.

*Enter General Talmash, his Sword drawn.*

*Tal.* Stand, Cowards, stand—and yet redeem the  
Day;

No hopes are left you, if you run away;  
Oh--stand your Ground--for Shame maintain the Field,  
Must *Britain's* glorious Sons—a Conquest yield:  
If so, alone—I will the Battle try,  
And in Defence of *England's* Honour die.

*Earles.* Bravely reliev'd, and succour'd just in Time,  
When *Britain's* Cause was ready to decline;  
*Herbert* is taken Pris'ner and convey'd  
Back by the Foe—in spite of all our Aid:  
Twice we retook the Heroe, but, at length,  
They bore him from us with their utmost Strength;  
We being sever'd, *Herbert*, in the Throng,  
Wav'd his great Arm as he shot along;

An



And oh, he said, brave Friend, be noble still,  
And in so just a Cause whole Legions kill.

*Tal.* Is he then lost? Oh, my renowned Friends,  
Rally again, and here their Conquest ends;  
Renew the Charge, then will you surely see,  
We'll gain the Glory if you'll follow me;  
I'll lead you on and yet redeem the Day,  
Though Squadrons of Devils stood to thwart my Way.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Soldiers shouting, Enter Gingle, Mackay, and Ruvigny.*

*Gingle* Routed!—Confusion!—See our Center runs,  
- Driv'n by the Foe just even with our Guns.  
Which render'd useless at the worst of Times,  
I fear the Battle with the Day declines.  
Never till now, could *Irishmen* maintain  
A Fight so bloody——on a well fought Plain;  
But let us yet advance, then will you find,  
They'll fly like Atoms sever'd with the Wind:  
So in the East, at the Approach of Day,  
The Sun dispels the sable Clouds away.

*Mackay.* Yonder, my Lord, amidst the Throng ap-  
pears

A gallant Youth, but tender yet in Years,  
His heroick Actions shine amidst the Fight,  
For in their Host no Heroe seems so bright;  
I mark'd him well, in all his martial Pride,  
Whilst by his Sword, sev'ral of our Soldiers dy'd.  
Curse on the Stripling——may I never fall,  
'Till with this Sword I make him pay for all.

*Ruvig* My Lord, I hold it best that now on Sight,  
You detach brave Sir *John Lanier* from the Right,  
And with Precipitation in the Left.

Assist our Foot, of Succour now bereft:  
Shall we retreat, and with Confusion run  
From all the mighty Conquests we have won?  
Avert the Thought——and let it ne'er be said,  
That from so great an Enterprize we fled;  
To sell our holy Faith and this poor Isle,  
To those vile Slaves, who would the Land despoil.

Forbid

Forbid it Heav'n!———Shall *Britons* tamely yield  
Their Necks to Bondage———and desert the Field?  
No———Rather first let us study to be brave,  
And fall with Honour, since we cannot save.

*Enter Colonel Earles.*

*Earles.* For ever hail to the auspicious Day,  
Now Fate is kind, the haughty *Foe* gives way;  
Our Foot has rally'd, and the Shock maintain'd,  
And bravely has their former Ground regain'd;  
Fire answers Fire, and *Jupiter* may now  
Decline his Thunder, and this once allow,  
In vain his Light'ning issues from the Sky;  
For Death more sure from British Ensigns fly;  
Their Messages of Death much Blood have spill'd,  
And full three Hundred of the Irish kill'd.

*Ginckle.* Then loiter not, my Lords, but at the Head  
Of our new scatter'd Troops who lately fled,  
Renew the Charge, and range the Battle round,  
Attack them close; and since they once give Ground,  
We'll ply them home———nor give an Inch away,  
Then shall we gain the Conquest of the Day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Kettle Drums and Trumpets.* *Enter Dorrington, O'Neal,*  
*and several Soldiers hauling in Colonel Herbert as a*  
*Prisoner, who seems to make Resistance.*

*Dorrington.* Yield, Colonel, yield, nor from our  
Friendship fly,  
Since now no Hopes of Succour can be nigh,  
Submit yourself, for Shame———nor thus upbraid,  
You are my Vassal, since a Pris'ner made.

*Herb.* Forbear t'insult, thou proud Hibernian Wasp,  
I thought to've met you with a warmer Grasp,  
When all the War rank'd in its dread Array,  
Stood the blind Fortune of this doubtful Day:  
When bloody Colours waver'd in their Pride,  
And each proud Hero did his Steed bestride,  
When their loud Trumpets, with their shrill Alarms,  
Made Woods resound, and summon'd all to Arms,  
When Soldiers martial'd, did the Signal wait,  
And stood in Order to attend their Fate, 'Twas

'Twas then I mark'd the bloody Plume afar,  
 Hearing before your mighty Deeds in War;  
 I, for a while———your Person could discern,  
 And wish'd to meet you singly Arm to Arm:  
 But now I see that War's uncertain Scale,  
 O'erweigh'd by Force, has made your Sword prevail.  
 Yet know, proud Victor, though a Captive ta'en,  
 My Liberty my Brethren shall regain.

*Enter St. Ruth.*

*St. Ruth.* Fly to your Posts, be now, or never, brave,  
 Nor waste your Glory with a captive Slave;  
 Our Camp is almost now beleagu'ed round,  
 Though twice repuls'd, the haughty Foe gains Ground;  
 But yet be brave, defeat them once again,  
 They'll yield the Battle, and desert the Plain.

*Herb.* 'Tis false as Hell, your Efforts they'll detest,  
 No dastard Thought can rule a British Breast;  
 My gallant Countrymen disdain to fly,  
 But fall with Honour first, and chuse to die.

*St. Ruth.* Bear hence that captive Scellum from my  
 Sight———

Lodge him secure, and then pursue the Fight:  
 This is no Time to lose, when, in their Pride,  
 The Enemy appears on every Side.

*[Exit Dorrington, O Neal and Herbert.]*

*St. Ruth solus.*

*St. Ruth.* Boad well my Heart, this Pris'ner shall not  
 live.

One Minute's Respite more I will not give;  
 His Friends come on, and at last, I fear,  
 He may be rescu'd from us, and get clear;  
 Then would he drown whole Squadrons in 'their Gore,  
 And be more desperate than he was before;  
 I'll hinder that, by Heaven he surely dies,  
 And to my Fury falls a Sacrifice

*[Exit with Kettle Drums and Trumpets.]*

*The SCENE opens, and discovers Col. Herbert lying bleeding, he crawls forward to the Middle of the Stage.*

*Herb.* Wounded to Death, but yet my Heart won't break,

Though I retain scarce Power enough to speak ;  
My Butchers are returned to the Fight,  
Yet had not Mercy left to kill me quite.  
Almighty Heaven! Victorious *William* bless,  
And ever crown his Armies with Success ;  
May Laurels ever green adorn his Crown,  
And may his Arms throw Popish Altars down ;  
Long may he reign, to shield this famous Land  
From Monkish Powers, with a righteous Hand ;  
And when he dies, let glorious *Denmark* come,  
With his great *Ann*, to guard the British Throne,  
Grant this, ye Gods! and, oh ye Powers divine!  
Protect the illustrious *Hanoverian* Line ;  
May that great Race of Heroes rule the Throne,  
Be fam'd in War, and conquer World's unknown :  
Hear this, O Lord of Mercy, I beseech ;  
Fain would I more—But Death just stops my Speech.  
Forgive my Murderers, as I freely do,  
Even from my Soul, so wretched World adieu. [*Dies.*

*Enter Sir Charles Godfrey, his Sword drawn and speaking to some within.*

*Sir Char.* Rally again, nor timorously stand,  
Aw'd thus thro' Fear, but charge them Sword in Hand,  
Follow them briskly through the neither Stream,  
There ply them close—but ha!—what can this mean?

[*Sees Herbert.*

Here's Murder sure committed! nothing less,  
He seems a noble *Briton* by his Dress,  
A stately Person, deck'd with modest Air,  
And on his Finger does a Signet bear! [*views the Ring.*  
Oh Heavens! the Sight my conscious Soul alarms,  
This Ring portrays the brave Lord *Pembroke's* Arms!  
This is my Brother *Herbert*, now I know ;  
Damnation be his Doom who gave the Blow.

H

Oh



Oh my brave *Herbert*, there he murder'd lies,  
 Grim Death and Treason clos'd the Heroe's Eyes,  
 But I'll take Vengeance for his Wrongs To-day,  
 And Blood for Blood the Traytor's shall repay.

*As he offers to go off, he is met by a Ghost, who approaches him three several Times, each Time he falls back, then speaks.*

What art thou? Speak! a Fury, Devil or Ghost?  
 Nay, be the Second, and then I need you most.  
 Or have you left a bright celestial Throne  
 To take just Vengeance—Vengeance not your own,  
 Or are you from th' infernal Abyss fled,  
 To search for Vengeance on a Murd'ers Head?  
 Stand not amaz'd—See, there brave *Herbert* lies,  
 Murder'd and slaughter'd—Oh! I will sacrifice  
 A thousand Romish Souls, who shock'd with Woe,  
 Shall, bound in Shackles, fill the shades below.

*Ghost.* Be not so rash, wild Youth, forbear, forbear,  
 You judge me wrong—for when I breath'd the Air,  
 Here on this Earth, I was your Father then,  
 But I was butcher'd by the worst of Men;  
 They butcher'd me, then hid me under Ground,  
 And to convince your Eyes, behold this ghastly Wound.

*[Shews his Breast.]*

*Sir Char.* O Heavens! my Father!—behold thus low  
 I bend my Body, and my Duty shew.

*Ghost.* Stand off, and touch me not, for Fear that I  
 Vanish away, and from your Presence fly;  
 But mark my Words, the whistling Winds did sing,  
 How, prompt by Love, you fought against your King,  
 And how you would your Country extirpate;  
 I hover'd down to let you know your Fate.

*Sir Char.* Could such vain trifling Thoughts as these  
 entice

A Ghost for to abandon Paradise,  
 Answer me this, if it be no Offence,  
 When thou'art at Rest, where is thy Residence?  
 For mortal Men on Earth are prone to say  
 Were Ghosts in Heaven, in Heaven they there would }  
 Or if in Hell, they could not get away. } *[stay.]*

*Ghost.*



*Ghost.* Where Visions rest, or Souls imprison'd dwell,  
By Heaven's Command, we are forbid to tell;  
But in the obscure Grave, where Corpses decay,  
Moulder in Dust and putrify away,  
No Rest is there, for the immortal Soul  
Takes its full Flight, and flutters round the Pole.  
Sometimes I hover o'er the *Euxine* Sea,  
From Pole to Sphere, until the Judgment-Day.  
Over the *Thracian Bosphorus* do I float,  
And pass the *Stygian* Lake in *Charon's* Boat,  
O'er *Vulcan's* fiery Court, and sulph'rous Cave,  
And ride, like *Neptune*, on a briny Wave,  
Lift to the blowing Noise of *Ætna's* Flames,  
And court the Shades of th' *Amazonian* Dames,  
Then take my Flight up to the gleamy Moon;  
Thus do I wander till the Day of Doom:  
Proceed I dare not, or I would unfold  
A horrid Tale, should make your Blood run cold,  
Chill all your Nerves and Sinews in a Thrice,  
Like whispering R vulets congeal'd to Ice.

*Sir Char.* Ere you depart me, *Ghost*, I here demand,  
You'd let me know your last divine Command.

*Ghost.* Then mark————  
My wand'ring Shadow, destitute of Breath,  
Is now compell'd to tread the orb'd Earth,  
And hover down, this good Advice to bring,  
That you would aid your pious lawful King.  
Join not those vile licentious Rebels Cause,  
Who slew thy Father in Contempt of Laws;  
But mind me well, the Gods do so devise,  
That in this Fight you fall a Sacrifice:  
Then join the British Host, and scorn for Shame,  
To throw so vile an Action on your Name;  
Rouse up your native Honour to your Aid,  
In *William's* Right employ your trusty Blade,  
Shew your Atchievements, and the Foe defy,  
Then fall with Honour, since you're doom'd to die;  
I'll hover o'er the Fields till join'd by you,  
Till then, my Son, farewell—adieu—adieu.

[*Vanishes.*  
*Sir*

*Sir Charles solus.*

*Sir Char.* Gone, and forfook me! thus what can I do,  
 Love bids me stay, and Glory cries pursue;  
 Which must I follow, here I cannot stay,  
 The sacred Vision said I must obey  
 Its strict Commands—Then by this British Hand,  
 I'll never more decline my native Land,  
 But join my Countrymen, and yet proclaim,  
 NASSAU's great Title to the crimson Plain.

*Enter Sarsfield and Dorrington, their Swords drawn.*

*Sars.* Haste, noble Knight, till we the Charge sustain,  
 Full fifteen Hundred of our Foot are slain;  
 The British Fireballs some few Tents have burn'd,  
 And one large Batt'ry on ourselves is turn'd;  
 Now, gallant Youth, or never, try your Force.

*Sir Char.* By Heaven's! I'll stir not, was it ten Time  
 worse!  
 Long let them prosper, nor retire from hence,  
 'Till you atone for murder'd Innocence.

*Sars.* As Heaven is Witness, or the conscious Sun,  
 I knew not of it till the Fact was done;  
 I never could with such an Act comply  
 As wilful Murder,

*Dor.* By the Gods, nor I.*Enter St. Ruth.*

*St. Ruth.* Courage, my thrice renowned Friends, for  
 now  
 Shall Lawrels bind each conquering Victor's Brow;  
 Once more the English Infantry retreats;  
 Pursue, we'll drive them back to *Dublin* Gates.  
 Fall on, my Friends, a furious Havock make,  
 Hew down whole Cohorts, but their *Ginckle* take;  
 'Then, as a Terror to the following Age,  
 Like *Bagazet*, I'll bind him in a Cage. [Exeunt.

*The End of the Fourth ACT.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Hill of Killcommodon.*

*Enter Sarsfield and O'Neal, their Swords drawn.*

SARSFIELD.

AUGHRIM is now no more, *St. Ruth* is dead,  
And all his Guards are from the Battle fled;  
As he rode down the Hill he met his Fall,  
And died a Victim to a Cannon Ball:  
With him our Lives and Fortunes all decay,  
For now the unthinking Cowards fall away.

O'Neal. Hope now is vain, no Succour can be found,  
And Death displays his sable Flag around:  
But yet forbear too soon to yield to Fate,  
Nor sell our Lives at an ignoble Rate;  
Here let us stand, and here attend our falls,  
As once *Rome's* Senate waited for the *Gauls*.

Sars. O, my O'Neal, thou Partner of my Breast,  
Thus share my Love [*Embraces*] for now my Heart's  
at Rest;

Death now is welcome, since I have a Friend,  
And onelike you, on whom I may depend:  
The chearful Pelican's with Vigour stood  
To pierce their Breasts, and feed their Young with Blood:  
So shall this Sword unfluece each azure Vein,  
To let forth Blood to feed the tragick Plain.

O'Neal. Oh, name not that, my Lord, withstand  
their Pow'rs,  
To sell this Spot, which only now is ours;  
Who falls with Glory, Annals do allow,  
Shares equal Laurels with the Victor's Brow.

I

*Enter*

*Enter Dorrington, his Sword drawn.*

*Dor.* Haste, noble Friends, and save your Lives by Flight.

For its but Madness if you stand the Fight ;  
Our Cavalry the Battle have forsook,  
And Death appears in each dejected Look,  
Nothing but dread Confusion can be seen,  
For sever'd Heads and Trunks o'erspread the Green,  
The Fields, the Vales, the Hills, and vanquish'd Plain,  
For five Miles round, are cover'd with the Slain ;  
Death in each Quarter does the Eye alarm,  
Here lies a Leg, and there a shatter'd Arm,  
There Heads appear which clove by mighty Bangs  
And sever'd quite, on either Shoulder hangs,  
This is the awful Scene, my Lords, oh, fly  
The impending Danger, for your Fate is nigh.

*Sars.* Oh spare the Tale, my Friend, nor let me hear  
A Sound so harsh, ill-sounding to my Ear ;  
Shall I start back at Death, and then with Shame  
Be ever branded with a Coward's Name ?  
Blast all my Conquests through a damn'd Disgrace,  
Nor dare to look a Soldier in the Face,  
Then beg for Charity and seek Relief,  
Like *Hannibal* the *Carthaginian* Chief,  
Who when by *Scipio* he was overthrown,  
He fled to *Africk* like a Vagabond,  
Cloath'd as a Slave, dejected and obscure,  
He wander'd all alone from Door to Door :  
Then shall an Irish Soul submit like him,  
To forfeit Honour, and renounce a King ?  
No—here will I stand, and meriting Applause,  
Die all alone, if none will join my Cause.

*Dor.* My Lord, forbear, let not a Thought so vain  
Within a brave *Hibernian's* Bosom reign,  
Your Life will not for Liberty attone,  
*Limerick* and *Galway* are as yet our own ;  
Then waste not Time, but now to *Limerick* fly,  
From those great Walls we may the Foe defy ;

Here



Here Hope is lost; for now, upon my Truth,  
Sir *Charles Godfrey*, that young trait'rous Youth,  
Has taken part with the prevailing Crew,  
And to Destruction does our Host pursue.

O'Neal. Curse on his Soul; oh may I near depart,  
'Till with this Sword I reach the Traytor's Heart.

*Enter some Soldiers bearing St. Ruth bloody on their  
Shoulders, they lay him on the Stage, and throw a Cloak  
over the Body.*

Sars. There let him lie, like *Pompey* in his Gore,  
Whose Hero's Blood enrich'd th' *Egyptian* Shore?  
There lies the Man, whose Deeds shall ever shine  
In *Flanders*, *France*, and all along the *Rhine*;  
But here, through Rashness, he eclips'd 'em all,  
And by his Folly wrought *Hibernia's* Fall.  
O Heavens! can Nature bear the shocking Sound  
Of Death or Slavery, on our native Ground?  
Why was I nurtur'd of a noble Race,  
And taught to stare Destruction in the Face?  
Why was I not laid out a useless Shrub,  
And form'd for some poor hungry Peasant's Cub,  
To hedge and plow, and with unweary'd Toil,  
To cultivate, for Grain, a fertile Soil,  
To watch my Flocks, and range the Pastures through,  
With all my Locks wet with the Morning Dew,  
Rather than being Great, give up my Fame,  
And lose the Ground I never can regain.

Dor. Forbear, victorious Sir, and leave the Field,  
The Earth's best Generals have been forced to yield;  
Victorious *Darius* was put to Flight;  
And *Paulus* fell at *Cannæ's* bloody Fight;  
Great *Scipio* was by *Hannibal* defeated,  
And *Regulus* from *Carthage* Walls retreated;  
The great *Goliath* was by a Shepherd slain,  
And *Gallick Philip* gave up *Cressy* Plain.  
These, mighty Sir, were Heroes in their Time,  
That did in hostile Feats of Arms shine;  
Then cease, my Lord, to *Limerick* fly with Speed,  
Nor waste a Life, of which we stand in need,



But serve your Country yet, and, void of Fear,  
At *Limerick* Gates we'll stop their swift Career.

*Sars.* Now stand, my Friends, and extirpate your Fears,  
For there the Limit of your Fate appears;  
But let me first view, with a wishful Eye,  
This once renowned Soil from whence we fly :  
So *Adam* when he was from *Eden* driven,  
He yet look'd back, to view his promis'd Heaven.  
'Then with a Soul all cover'd with Despair,  
He grudg'd that Paradise he could not share.

[*A flourish of Kettle-Drums and Trumpets within.*]

'Enter with their Swords drawn, the Generals *Talmash*,  
*Mackay*, and *Sir Charles Godfrey*, with Soldiers.

*Tal.* Take Quarters, Gentlemen, and yield on Sight,  
Or otherwise prepare to stand the Fight;  
Yet pray take Pity on yourselves and yield,  
For blood enough sustains the sanguine Field;  
'Tis *Britain's* Glory, you yourselves can tell,  
To use the Vanquish'd hospitably well.

*Sars.* Urge not a Thought, proud Victor, if you dare,  
So far beneath the Dignity of War;  
I am a Peer, and *Sarsfield* is my Name,  
And where this Sword can reach, I dare maintain :  
Life I condemn, and Death I recommend,  
He breathes not vital Air, who'll make me bend  
My Neck to Bondage ; then proud Foe decline,  
'The Length of this [*Shews his Sword,*] because the Spot  
is mine.

*Tal.* If you are *Sarsfield*, as you bravely shew,  
You're that brave Heroe, whom I long to know,  
And wish'd to thank you on the reeking Plain,  
For that great Feat of blowing up our Train ;  
Then mark, my Lord, for what I here contend,  
'Tis *Britain's* holy Church, I now defend,  
Great *WILLIAM's* Right, and *MARY's* Crown, these  
Three.

*Sars.* Why then fall on, *Lewis* and *James* for me.

[*The Irish retreat fighting, and pursued by the  
English Party off the Stage.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Jemina, veild*

*Jem.* Where will my Sorrows give me leave to rest ;  
Oh happy might it be in *Godfrey's* Breast !  
My conscious Soul should then condemn Alarms ;  
So might I die with Pleasure in his Arms ;  
Yet now to find him, whither shall I go ?  
Ye Gods ! was ever Maid reduced so low ?  
The Youth who binds my Heart in *Cupid's* Chain,  
Has broke his Vows, or is in Battle slain.  
But, Turtle like, I'll to the Groves retreat,  
There search each drooping Branch to find my Mate,  
For there, perchance, he has been forc'd to fly  
From certain Fate, and bloody Tyranny ;  
But here he comes ; the mortal Sight I view,  
With ghastly looks, and in a bloody Hue.

*Enter Sir Charles, leaning on his Sword, and wounded  
in several Parts of the Body.*

Oh ! welcome to my Arms, my Soul's Delight !

*Embraces.*

But Heaven's ! my Heart bleeds inward at the Sight,  
To see the Youth I lov'd thus bath'd in Gore,  
Curse on my Stars, for Heav'n can do no more.

*Sir Cha.* Oh, my *Jemina* ; for thou once were so,  
Oh look not on me, nor one Glance bestow :  
For know, thou fair angelick heav'nly Maid,  
I'm perjur'd, damn'd, and have my Love betray'd :  
The Scorn of Mankind let me ever be,  
Nor let bright Heav'n shine on a Wretch like me ;  
Oh look not down with those refulgent Eyes,  
On a curs'd Slave like me, who ling'ring dies,  
But rather drive me from your charming Sight,  
And blot me out from your Remembrance quite.

*Jem* Spare the sad Tale, I cannot bear the Rest,  
You are not false, for I suppose the Best.

*Sir Cha.* As Heaven is witness, since the Truth I must,  
No *Crocodile* was ever more unjust,  
I have betray'd thee, oh ! thou killing Fair !  
Why does the Earth so vile a Monster bear ?

Earth

Earth yawn afunder, leave the Centre fair,  
 And swallow me alive in damn'd Despair :  
 There bury'd in Oblivion, lye and rot,  
 Disdain'd by Heaven, and by Men forgot :  
 I'm curs'd—and mark'd by Heaven for wronging  
 Innocence,

And Hell itself must punish the Offence ;  
 For bound in Shackles am I doom'd to go  
 To the dark Abyss of the Shades below ;  
 Amidst the Fight I did your Cause desert,  
 With *Britain's* conqu'ring Sons to take a Part,  
 When Heaven, who ever does the Fair defend,  
 In Justice overtook me in the End ;  
 For as the Britons did the Chase pursue !  
 In the Pursuit, with this, much Blood I drew,  
 Which been view'd by an *Hibernian* Lord,  
 He rally'd Back, and with a brandish'd Sword,  
 With furious Force my Person he assail'd,  
 And his strong Genius o'er my Sword prevail'd ;  
 Then, heavenly Fair, your Aid I here implore,  
 To lay me down, and then I'll ask no more.

[*He lets fall his Sword, and lies down on the Stage.*  
 My optick Nerves grow dim and lose their Sight,  
 And all my Veins are now exhausted quite,  
 Cold Sweats bedew my ghastly looking Face,  
 My Life ebbs forth, and Death comes on apace,  
 I fain would live to make Amends for all,  
 But cannot——adieu my Soul——you see your *Godfrey*  
 fall. [Dies.

*Jem.* There fell as brave a Youth, with Fame inspir'd,  
 As ever yet a Virgin's Bosom fir'd,  
 But sure his Ghost will not be so unkind,  
 To soar to Heaven, and leave me here behind,  
 No, it is just, ye Gods, it cannot be,  
 He hovers on the Wing——and waits for me,  
 But shall not long——this ends the mortal Strife ;

[*Takes up his Sword.*  
 This puts a Period to my worthless Life ;  
 Then after all my Anguish, Grief and Pain,  
 In Heaven, my Love, we'll surely meet again.

Witness,

Witness, ye Gods! *Jemina* still was true,  
 And see what Love can make a Virgin do,  
 Let fair *Hibernia's* latest Annals tell,  
 That by the Force of Love *Jemina* fell;  
 This to my Heart—so wretched World farewell. }  
 [Stabs herself and dies.

*Enter General Ginckle, Marquis Ruvigny, with Soldiers and an Officer with Colours, Drums beating.*

*Ginckle* May all the Gods the auspicious Evening  
 bless.

That crowns *Great-Britain's* Arms with Success,  
 There let our Colours rule the vanquish'd Plain,  
 As mighty Emblems of *Britania's* Fame.  
 How came this Lady here amongst the Dead?  
 Some virtuous Maid, who for her Lover bled.  
 Soldiers bear hence these Bodies from this Place,  
 [They bear off the Bodies.

And Officer haste to bid the Slaughter cease.  
 [Exit Officer.

My brave *Ruvigny* to you I must ascribe  
 This glorious Conquest; for, on every Side,  
 Thy noble Presence was to animate,  
 And bravely poize the Scale of *Britain's* Fate.

*Ruvig.* Oh spare the Speech, my Lord, and do not  
 raise

Your Tongue, too lavish, in your Servant's Praise,  
 For when our Host seem'd ready to despair,  
 Some *Inniskillen* Forces join'd our Rear,  
 Who as brave Souls the mighty Shock sustain'd,  
 And vig'rously our former Posts regain'd.

*Enter Talmath and Mackay, with Soldiers leading in Dorrington and O'Neal, as Prisoners.*

*Gink.* Speak, gallant Soldiers, is the Country clear,  
 Have we no Foes nor Ambuscades to fear?

*Tal.* Not one, my Lord, save what are Prisoners  
 ta'en,

No *Irishman* does near our Camp remain,



To a large Bog their Foot have took their Way,  
 And all their Horse are fled towards *Loughrea*:  
 These Men, my Lord, as from the Chace we came,  
 We found them lying weltring with the Slain.

*Gink.* Hail mighty *Dorrington*, thus low we bow,  
[bowing.]

Shall we disown the Prince of *Orange* now?  
 Must we disband our Legions, and restore  
 Your abdicated King to rule once more?  
 It could not be. I did the Act disown,  
 For mighty *William* yet enjoys the Throne.

*Dor.* Forbear, my Lord, nor thus insult me so,  
 Is this right Usage for a captive Foe?  
 Had but *St. Ruth* surviv'd the tragic Fight,  
 To *Dublin* Gates you would have taken Flight,  
 For know, proud Conqueror, by your Lordship's Leave,  
 Our Soldiers were superior, and as brave.

*Gin.* Reply no more, here see these Prisoners sent,  
 With a strong Guard of Soldiers to my Tent,  
 Let them be kept asunder, till we learn  
 How we their marshall'd Troops may yet disarm.  
[Exit Soldiers with *Dorrington* and *O'Neal*.]

For by examining it may be found,  
 How in the Morn we may the Bog surround.

*Tal.* There's none remains entire, for the Night  
 Debarr'd each Soldier from his Fellow's Sight,  
 And that they might be light to run more fast,  
 Their Belts and Arms, and all away they cast:  
 Four hundred Soldiers we have Prisoners got,  
 And seven thousand lieth on the Spot.  
 Their Tents and Baggage, as our Soldiers Spoil,  
 Shall be free Plunder to reward their Toil;  
 This have we gain'd, by Heav'n's 'tis really true,  
 With all their Cannon, Arms and Colours too.

*Mac.* To let this Vict'ry be more signal seen,  
 Send all their Colours to the *British* Queen,  
 As lasting Emblems of their total Fall,  
 To grace in mighty Pomp *Westminster-Hall*.

*Ginc.* It shall be done, but 'till the Morning Light  
 Let our fierce Soldiers guard the Field all Night:

Let



Let our small Arms, and our thundering Cannon,  
Proclaim our Conquest to the vanquish'd *Shannon* ;  
Let *Rome* in Silence and Affliction weep,  
And let our Shouts proclaim it to the Deep.

*Tal.* My Lord, the Muster master's List does tell  
How many *English* in this Battle fell,  
A small Account considering what we gain,  
Seven Hundred wounded, and as many slain.

*Ginc.* O wond'rous God ! who can the Battle guide,  
And give a Conquest to the weaker Side,  
Sure thy tremendous Hand the Battle fought,  
When *England's* daring Foes were brought to Nought.  
Now, my brave Friends, here to refresh we'll stay, }  
Then next to *Galway* bravely post our Way, }  
There on its Walls our *British* Flag display ; }  
From thence to *Limerick* with our Forces haste, }  
And in our March lay Forts and Castles waste,  
With Fury make the Gates of *Limerick* quake,  
With our dread Cannon make its Basis shake,  
Convert the Garrisons to *England's* Use,  
And by one mighty Storm the Land reduce.  
Now speed ye Cherubs through the liquid Air,  
To mighty *William's* Court the Tidings bear :  
Great Heaven once more our conquering Army bless,  
Let *Britain's* Arms ever meet Success,  
O'er thy poor Land thy lasting Truth convey,  
And guard this Isle we have redeem'd To-day.

[*Exeunt with Drums beating and Colours flying.*]

*End of the Play.*



## EPILOGUE.

*To be spoken by one representing a Press-Master,  
attended by Sailors.*

WHEN *Shakespear* flourish'd in the Bloom of Wit,  
Tho' crown'd with Bays, no Epilogues he writ;  
'The Age was modest; then no Fop appear'd  
To damn his Plays, because his Lash they fear'd.  
But now our Criticks are so numerous grown,  
Th' infect the Pit, and over swarm the Town.  
The Author, therefore, beg'd I would step in,  
To press on Board all those who make a Din.  
The Town can spare 'em: Then, by *Jove*, I say,  
I'll press you all that dare to damn his Play:  
With Pistol cock'd, and Cutlafs by my Side,  
I'll spare no Fop, set forth in Peacock's Pride,  
Tho' lac'd and powder'd, and perfum'd most sweet,  
That dares not man the Ladies, or the Fleet;  
Away on Board the Fleet I'll take them all,  
The *Spaniards* face, and give 'em t'other Fall;  
Destroy their Navy, if they dare us meet,  
And scower their Coast, to take their silver Fleet,  
When great *Agustus* bids, we'll homeward steer,  
Then court the Ladies, when we all come here.  
Mean while we'll cry, as we ride o'er the Main,  
May *George* and *Caroline* for ever reign,  
To rule Great Britain and its Laws maintain.

4 AP 54  
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